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TORONTO, APRIL, 1923

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THE triple defeat sustained by the British Government in the March bye-elections is almost without a precedent. In a single week the voters in no less than three Tory strongholds have forsaken the ways of their fathers, and that only three months after a general election in which they had remained true to the old faith. Such an unusual result calls for an unusual explanation. Since coming into office Mr. Bonar Law has left undone much which he ought to have done. He has not been conspicuously successful in his handling of the unemployment problem. He has failed to express in any adequate manner the opinions of the vast majority of his fellow countrymen on the subject of the Ruhr occupation. But neither his vacillating foreign policy nor the makeshift devices he applies to the solution of industrial problems are sufficient to account for so sudden a reversal of opinion in these three typically middle class constituencies. As it happens, the cause is not far to seek. It is for doing something which he ought not to have done that he has had to pay the price. We refer, of course, to the British government's singularly ill-timed proposal to de-control rents in June, 1924. With the housing shortage as acute as it is, this policy would have meant the alternative for the British householder, in a little over a year's time, of an impossibly high rental or summary eviction. The householders who were called upon to vote last month thus found themselves facing a terrible dilemma. On the government benches they saw the devil with the whip of de-control raised to drive them out from hearth and home. On the other side was the Labour Party—a deep sea of such nameless horrors as nationalization and the capital levy, ready, as they thought, to swallow them up, dividends and all. But round the devil thronged a howling mob of landlords, eager for the rents they regarded as their due. So they chose the lesser and the remoter evil. An instant's hesitation on the brink of the unknown, and they took the plunge, perhaps to find they had immensely exaggerated the dangers they had embraced.

ONE result of these elections will no doubt be a complete redrafting of the Housing Bill. Mr. Bonar Law has here a hard task and deserves all the

sympathy we can give him. In ill-health when he came into office, a weary Titan sighing only for peace and to be left alone, he has found his path from the very beginning beset with difficulties. Many of these were inherited from his predecessor and the housing question is one of them. Yet of his method of going to work, or rather not going to work, we can not approve. Like the genuine Tory that he is, he believes in doing nothing till inaction can go no further, and then is driven to hasty and ill-devised expedients. There are only two logical ways of dealing with the housing shortage. One is to leave private enterprise unfettered by any artificial limitation of rents, and there is much to be said for this application of the surgeon's knife. Unfortunately for Mr. Law, the patient has once and for all refused so drastic a remedy. Extensive government subsidies are the alternative, and sooner or later they will have to be forthcoming. But if the public is to pay in taxation what it refuses to pay in rent, it will be the government's duty to administer the grants-in-aid as economically as possible. The only way to do this is to establish a Ministry of Housing after the pattern of the late Ministry of Munitions. The experience gained during the war in investigating costs should be a considerable help. If the building rings can be broken up and all contracts are awarded on a strict 'cost plus' basis, there will then be some prospect of a reasonably cheap supply of houses being forthcoming. This is presumably the policy which a Labour government would adopt if it came into power. Mr. Law has put forward his own suggestion, such as it is, and been met with a welcome he is unlikely to forget. Unless he makes haste to take a leaf out of his opponents' book, England will never see her houses till Mr. Law, with his triumphs and his failures, has retired into the decent pages of history.

NO man's path lies entirely uphill, and even Mr. Law must have breathed rather more freely when he heard of the huge and unexpected surplus in the British accounts for the past financial year. When we think of the bottomless abyss of government deficits on the continent of Europe, a credit balance to Great Britain of over £100,000,000 seems like a

miracle. Before passing final judgment, there are one or two points we must bear in mind. In the first place, the surplus is as much a sign of the difficulty of making even reasonably accurate forecasts in these uncertain times as it is of any sudden return to pre-war prosperity. It is safe to assume that if Sir Robert Horne had foreseen the future more clearly, he would have made larger concessions than he did to the pressure to reduce the burden of taxation, to which a year ago all sections of the business community were subjecting him. Secondly, we may well question the wisdom with which the Geddes axe was wielded in cutting some branches of government expenditure, education being a case in point. In certain other directions, however, even more might well have been done than was actually accomplished. It is something to have spent £79,000,000 less than had been anticipated on defence services, but £111,000,000 still remains a very large figure under that head. With these reservations we would be the last to grudge Mr. Law the one piece of good luck which has so far attended him in office.

WITH the continuance of the deadlock in the Ruhr, the French government's policy becomes ever more openly militaristic. The recent announcement that any attempt by an outside power to intervene in her quarrel with Germany would be regarded as a 'hostile' act is pretty plain speaking. In other words, France refuses to contemplate any settlement other than on terms absolutely dictated by herself. If this is not militarism open and unashamed, we should like to know what is. The proposal to set up a separate Rhineland state under the jurisdiction of the League of Nations seems to us equally indefensible. That France should be anxious to see the Rhineland demilitarized is not to be wondered at, though we would do well to remember that the Treaty already provides for this in Articles 42 and 43 and 180. But that a large slice of purely German territory should be permanently subjected to the domination of alien troops, whether entirely French or a cosmopolitan force of French and British, Italians and Spaniards and Jugo-Slavs, is a palpable absurdity besides being an arrangement which would never stand the test of time. Sooner or later the foreigners would be turned out and the Rhineland rejoin the country of which it is an integral part. Perhaps the most significant development of the past month has been the unavowed but none the less evident friction which has arisen between France and Belgium. To Belgium the one thing that matters is that she should be free from invasion by any of her more powerful neighbours. This was indeed one of the issues on which the late war was fought. To ensure Belgium's neutrality either the League of Nations must become a really effective organization, or something like the old balance of power in Europe must be restored. Neither

alternative will be possible so long as France keeps her stranglehold on the Ruhr and the Rhineland. If Western Europe becomes permanently overshadowed by French domination there is every prospect that the cockpit will one day be put to its traditional use. The only difference to Belgium will be that her southern rather than her eastern frontier will be the first to be violated.

THE reported execution of Monsignor Butchkavitch by the Soviet Government appears to have been a singularly brutal murder, conducted in the form of law. The form which the protest from the Vatican is said to have taken is not the least interesting of its reactions. If press dispatches are to be relied on, the Vatican is claiming that its prelates are subjects of the Pope—a remarkable renaissance of the Hildebrandian idea. The claim, if correct, can only mean one thing: that the Papacy is seeking once again for international recognition of the temporal power. As international law now stands there are no subjects of the Vatican. Whatever its faults, Soviet government is the *de facto* government of Russia; and no government can afford to allow its judgments in internal affairs to be questioned by a dubious appeal to history or by a statement of claims which do not command recognition in the comity of nations. This recrudescence of mediaevalism does not stand alone. There has been a growing opinion in Spain that some change must be made in the relationship of Church and State, that Article XI of the Spanish Constitution requires revision. The ministry was considering the matter when apparently a Vatican dispatch was issued by the Cardinal Archbishop of Saragossa warning the government not to change Article XI, and threatening, in default of obedience, that the parish clergy would urge their flocks to vote against it. Is the Spanish Catholic, like the Elizabethan Catholic, to be torn between loyalty to his country and loyalty to the Vatican? These are dangerous developments.

TO sign or not to sign: that is the question which seems greatly to agitate the dignitaries of the London-Washington-Ottawa circuit. We must confess our inability to become much interested in what appears to be largely a matter of etiquette. If Canada is able to negotiate as to her own halibut fisheries in her own way and to her own satisfaction, it matters very little whether Sir Auckland puts the seal of his official name on the bargain. The press and public men of Canada could be much more worthily employed than in glorying over the absence of his signature. For instance, they might address themselves to the long overdue appointment of a Canadian representative at Washington. We have much business with the United States and much social intercourse. We have also to combat a growing tendency

to raise sentimental as well as tariff barriers between two countries which must be the best of neighbours. Can we not find a Canadian who would do for Canada in the hearts of the people of the United States what Bryce did for England? That done, we might congratulate ourselves with some reason, and without offence at home and abroad.

UNDER the Canadian constitution the powers of the representative of the Crown are severely limited. As a result, the chief virtue of the incumbents of Government Houses in the several provinces has come to be regarded as a gracious hospitality innocent of political significance. A Lieutenant-Governor who essays to be original is likely to come into sharp conflict with sacred conventions. The Honourable H. F. Cockshutt, the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, has recently made an interesting departure from custom, and with entire safety. Recognizing the rather strained relations which have prevailed in recent years between Ontario and Quebec, and with a fine disregard of the nature of the causes, he invited a large and representative body of Quebec citizens, in business, professional, and public life, to a luncheon and reception at Government House. A similar body of Ontario citizens was invited to meet them. Matters of public dispute were kept in the background. The idea in Mr. Cockshutt's mind clearly was this: that good feeling is essential to good policy, and that both are dependent upon close acquaintance. The press accepted the experiment in the spirit in which it was conceived. Its success is a vindication of the courage and good will which prompted it.

THE second national conference on education held during Easter week in Toronto was a tremendous success. To have crowds turned away from the largest public hall of a great city, as they were at the first and last evening sessions, is something that can rarely have happened at educational meetings. It is a tribute alike to the energy of the committee and to the widespread interest in education in the Canadian provinces. Among a number of distinguished visitors, the dominant influence was that of Sir Michael Sadler. Lord Robert Cecil's impressive, almost passionate, appeal for the League of Nations was a fitting climax to the meetings. In two respects the conference departed from the policy of the first conference held in Winnipeg in October, 1919. The visiting speakers at the Winnipeg conference were exclusively American, while at the Toronto conference the outside speakers were exclusively English. Again, in Winnipeg an ample opportunity was given for discussion from the floor, while at the recent conference the delegates were mere listeners. Perhaps the third conference, when it is called, will achieve a compromise on these two points: we have something

to learn from the United States and a paper is often clarified in general discussion.

IN a world besotted and balked by prejudice and misunderstanding, one group of institutions exists for the pursuit of truth. The institutions of higher learning are not, *pace* the National Educational Conference, peculiarly schools of discipline and character-making—the whole world of men's activity might claim that rôle. They are peculiarly schools for the discovery and promulgation of truth, with the mental discipline which that difficult task involves. Doubtless they are very imperfect instruments, and even those who teach within these institutions are all too liable to be infected with the prejudices which it is their business to dispel. In so precarious and yet so vital a concern it is most important that no outside pressure should be brought to bear in order to prevent or control or punish the expression of opinion. A signal example of such pressure has just occurred consequent on the action of Professor J. A. Dale of the University of Toronto in presiding over a meeting under the auspices of the Independent Labour Party and addressed by Scott Nearing who, as it happened, himself lost a university chair across the line on account of his opinions. The attack of a Toronto evening newspaper, already sufficiently notorious in this respect, we can pass over without comment. But the sequel enacted in the City Hall, whereby the appointment of Professor Dale to a position in the Public Health Department was negated by a majority, is an entirely different matter and deserves reprobation of all men, whatever their opinions, who believe that liberty of thought is a condition of our civilization. In order to give an example of so dangerous an intolerance the majority of the Toronto City Council seem to have been willing to sacrifice the public health interest of the city. It was a double betrayal of the duties of their office.

We regret to announce the death, after a long period of ill-health, of Professor Adrian Berrington, who was a valued contributor to this journal.

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A POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT WRITES: 'Why is Violet? asks *The Ottawa Journal* with irreverent familiarity, and echo answers, why? One week Mr. King bans the polluting touch of Sir Auckland Geddes' hand from our little halibut treaty and the next he selects an English woman to be our plenipotentiary at Geneva. In dubious harmony are the two performances. But the ties between the Premier and Mrs. James Carruthers, *née* Violet Markham, are old and deep. I do not join company with the *Toronto Telegram* in scenting the flavour of a dead romance. Rather do I discern gratitude to an efficient propagandist. It was 'Violet's' brochure which first revealed to an ignorant outside world Mr. King's legislative exploits as Minister of Labour, and the friendship thus auspiciously begun is said to have been kept in repair by a voluminous correspondence of the Disraeli—Lady Bradford type. Mr. King gallantly and very wisely took the defence of his political Egeria out of Mr. Murdock's untutored hands, but his excuses for her appointment are far from convincing. True the lady has graced our rugged shores with her presence and compiled a booklet upon our industrial laws, but ten years have passed since her last visit and her acquaintance with our present labour conditions must be exiguous. Moreover the plea that there was no time to find another delegate simply will not hold water; in the very week when the services of 'Violet' were being commissioned, a distinguished civil servant who has already represented Canada at this very Labour Conference sailed for Europe. The *real politik* artists in the Liberal camp make no secret of their disgust; as one of them said to me: 'There are a score of hungry mouths in my riding that I could have shut with a trip to Europe, and here he wastes it on an English dame who will get us in bad with our own women.' I agree with these grim forebodings and shall await with interest the reactions of the National Council of Women, the I.O.D.E., and other feminine organizations to the subject of 'Violet'. Unless I mistake the temper of some of the political Amazons who lead these *corps d'armée*, they will bitterly resent the choice of 'Violet' as a slight upon their own diversified talents and will in the fulness of time deploy upon the hapless Premier.

The Postmaster-General is at present enjoying bright sunny days in Mexico and it is whispered that the front bench may know him no more. At any rate he is engaged in the congenial occupation of carrying on a long range feud with his French-Canadian brethren in the Cabinet, and if correspondence between the exile and a French priest, lately published in *Le Droit*, is authentic, is prepared with true Irish courage to widen the scope of the conflict till it embraces the whole race of Jean Baptiste. The origin of the feud is delightfully simple. The office of Deputy-Postmaster-General is vacant and for it Mr. Murphy had destined a faithful Hibernian henchman. But the long years in the wilderness have left the French with only a fraction of the civil service plums, and their leaders, who are clamant for the restoration of the quota formerly allocated to the race, now insist upon the appointment being given to Mr. Ernest Lemaire, who was once chief private secretary to Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Mr. Murphy, who declines to be coerced, has gone into temporary retirement in the tropics, and reprisals are threatened in the shape of a French-Canadian candidate in Russell at the next election, who would end the Postmaster-General's public career. This outcome I should deeply regret for there is no more engaging character in public life to-day than Mr. Murphy. Politics at Ottawa are dull enough in all conscience without being bereft of the gay and whimsical spirit which, according to credible report, lately penned the following letter to his titular chief: 'I see by the New York papers that you contemplate appointing the Hon. George Murray (of Nova Scotia) as our first Minister to Washington. Why not King Tutankhamen? As far as I know he never betrayed his party and he has been dead a much longer time.'

There are recurring rumours of a general election this summer, and the verdict of the electors of Moose Jaw may have an important bearing upon the government's strategy. Mr. King cherishes the belief that all his many woes and troubles have their *fons et origo* in the absence of a clear majority in the Commons, and many of his troop are convinced that the absence of this valuable commodity is the sole barrier to the restoration of patronage and other blessings. Only a general election can yield the much-craved boon and the political staff-captains opine that prospects of success will be much rosier before the approaching Imperial Conference than after. The moment that our Premier sets foot in London town he begins to manufacture political trouble at home. If he yields to the passionate solicitations of Mr. Leopold Amery and Captain Bruce, who will doubtless be reinforced for the occasion by divers duchesses and countesses, and endorses a co-operative scheme of Imperial Defence, then angry murmurings will straightway be heard in Quebec. If he adopts an attitude of chill aloofness and shuns all commitments, then I can hear the loud timbrel which has done such valiant duty in the past for Tory leaders being sounded in the other provinces and every Liberal seat west of the Ottawa placed in dire peril. The Liberal strategists, who chiefly hail from Montreal, know that our Premier has a young and confiding heart and gravely dread the influence of patrician sirens. The proper game, they say, is for Mr. King to seek a brand new mandate to represent Canada at the Conference and then, whatever he does in London, the post-Conference criticisms will be immaterial. The months will roll on and bring oblivion, and by the time another election is due other issues will have arisen.

* * *

The Progressive party at Ottawa bids fair at its present gait to suffer the fate of Hannibal's army. That army wintered, as readers of Livy will remember, in the rich city of Capua and spring found it so enervated by luxury and dissipation that it soon fell an easy prey to the Romans at Cannae. Far be it from me to suggest that a party containing half-a-dozen *ci-devant* clerics and enjoying the supervision of stern moralists like the member for Lisgar (who has actually sponsored a resolution to make adultery a penal offence) should countenance the faintest scintilla of dissipation among its members, but most observers will agree that the abundant comforts of Parliament Hill have had a demoralizing effect. In these days of rural travail, thrice lucky are the happy farmers who can escape wintry winds, dreary chores, and falling markets for weeks on end and partake of a cheasier and more comfortable lot in cosy rooms furnished with soft couches, with good meals at an average price of fifty cents, an abundant menu for gossip, a variegated company of gossipers, and, best of all, a cheque for \$4,000 at the end of it all. Was ever \$4,000 of cold cash so agreeably earned by most of the Progressive members? The party contains many earnest and hardworking individuals, but the feebleness of character have succumbed to the lures of what is for them a sybaritic existence. It has bred in them lassitude and indifference. They never enter the parliamentary library, they will not study bluebooks, Hansards, or reports, and they will not bother to prepare decent speeches. They will gladly act as office boys for their constituents—and in some cases serve as patronage agents for the Liberals—but they will not qualify themselves to be efficient parliamentarians and good public servants. Unfortunately some of the ablest of them have been affected by the Capuan luxury of Ottawa, and hence it is that the office of whip remains in the incompetent hands of Mr. J. F. Johnston, and the egregious Mr. J. L. Brown is allowed to preen himself as a political chieftain. The day of reckoning with irate electors will come, but meanwhile the party morale at Ottawa is declining. Mr. Wood and his *confrères* on the Canadian Council of Agriculture have noted the fact and with characteristic prudence have dissociated their organization from the Progressive Party. But it would be rash to predict from this the dissolution of the

agrarian movement. Mr. Wood and Co. cannot fail to have noted the amazing record of accomplishment which the farm bloc at Washington has to its credit; and I have a suspicion that they may be planning a change of tactics which will secure similar results at Ottawa.

* * *

Sir George Perley is the latest Conservative statesman on the retired list to turn to higher politics. In pre-war days, when he financed and supervised the Tory publicity bureau in Ottawa, the whims of the electors of Argenteuil formed his political horizon, but the war and four years of guiding our oversea destinies from a room in the Ritz Hotel left their mark, and now Sir George has joined the throng of elder statesmen fearful for the Empire's future. His suggested safeguard against catastrophe—a Canadian Minister in London—is not exactly original. Sir Robert Borden coupled the same idea with a subdued proposal for a Canadian Governor-General, although it never progressed further than honourable mention by Mr. J. W. Dafoe and his zealous band of Nationalists. Mr. Meighen, for his part, was afraid of it. He knew that the idea would please the young men around him whose Toryism is suspect in Toronto, but felt that opposition to the Japanese Alliance was the best he could do for their pleasure, and that some thought must be had for ward audiences who lustily cheer perorations about 'the flag' and 'British connection'. At all events he let the proposal drop, just as he let drop (and for the same reason) the idea of a Canadian Minister at Washington, and just as he shrank from the suggestion of a Constitutional Conference.

* * *

Yet the movement for a more definite Conservative policy respecting Empire matters gains momentum. The younger Tories are not satisfied with the old decayed platitudes of so-called patriotism. They perceive that the problem of reconciling aspirations of Canadian nationality with a need for the Commonwealth's unity grows increasingly challenging, and they are pressing Mr. Meighen to address himself to the task of making the two things complementary. Whether they succeed is problematical. Mr. Meighen is a victim of his environment. And that environment, unfortunately, consists largely of followers more concerned with keeping Ontario in the Tory line on any terms than in keeping Canada in the Commonwealth on self-respecting terms. To them a politician who can win elections is a much greater man than a politician who can help buttress a great political fabric; and Mr. Meighen would not be human if, constantly harassed by their company, he did not sometimes descend to their moods. However, the toilers for something more real than ward association rhetoric are working manfully. They are conscious that their efforts would be more potent if Mr. Meighen could be exiled from Ottawa and prohibited all intercourse with Room 16, but they are sustained in their purpose by memory of other illustrious converts to their creed in spite of near-invincible obstacles.

* * *

There is a famous passage in one of Disraeli's novels wherein the sage Sidonia unfolds for the enlightenment of the young Coningsby the extent and secrets of the all-pervading influence of the Hebrew race. If he had enjoyed acquaintance with twentieth century Canada, he could have amplified the claims which he made for his race's power. Never was it more patently demonstrated under the British flag than by the release of Brenner *père et fils*, each after serving a fractional part of a well-earned sentence. The pressure has been long and continuous, but their eventual compliance is a measure of the Cabinet's frailty. The release of this precious pair makes a complete harlequinade of our system of justice and even *The Globe*, which has usually a blind eye for Liberal sins, has been moved to indignant protest. Parliament will fail in its duty if it does not insist upon a most complete investigation of this disgraceful scandal.

The Backwash of the Wave

THE debate on immigration in the House of Commons has brought with it a cleavage of principle. The party lines of division so vital to the long trench warfare of Tweedledum and Tweedledee have inevitably, for the time at least, been abandoned. Instead of charges and counter-charges of bad faith, which form the political stock-in-trade of the Old Guard, the country has been given for a brief moment the vision of two conflicting national ideals.

Mr. King must sometimes reflect ruefully that a man's foes shall be those of his own household. The first skirmisher to make a target of the Government's *fainéantise* was a stalwart Liberal. Mr. Jacobs, whose labours in behalf of poor immigrants, no less than his knowledge and candour and good-humour, give weight to his opinions, would make the Dominion once more a land of open arms. He is depressed by the failure of his leaders to secure a large volume of immigration, and it is probably not too much to say that at present he regards this as Canada's chief need.

But if no man who knows him will question the disinterestedness of Mr. Jacobs' attitude towards immigration, the same cannot be said of all those who have—in Parliament and out of it—been calling down maledictions on the luckless head of Mr. Stewart. There is more than a suspicion that among many who clamour for a large immigration at all costs the dominant motive is financial. The steamship companies, the railways, the multitude of smaller businesses subsidiary to transport—all stand to profit, for the time at least, by policies which will swell the volume of passenger traffic, no matter what be the lot of the passenger on his arrival. Indeed, should the passenger who finds his way to Canada fail to make a home here, his exodus itself will bring more business. Nor would the gains be narrowly restricted. The 'realtor', the mortgage company, the man who depends on immigrant labour for the fulfilment of his contracts, the merchant, the grocer in the corner store would, each according to his talents, reap a golden harvest. Each, from the standpoint of present material interest only, might wisely support the group of frantic propagandists which (having seen in these latter days a vision very different from that which came to Paul of Tarsus) is at present calling to the people of the Balkans—and anyone else who can be made to listen—'*Come over from Macedonia and help us!*'

Why then should we hesitate to join this noisy chorus? One obvious deterrent is the knowledge that ever since Confederation there has been a steady stream of population, both native-born and immigrant, flowing from Canada to the United States. Mute witness to the lack of stability in our economic conditions, it suggests that before assuming a stimulated immigration to be the cure for present troubles,

we should look to the foundations of our domestic life, and carefully put our house in order. A series of parliamentary protests on both sides of the House shows that there are still many members to whom the prospect of making Quebec the Clapham Junction of the North American Continent is anything but attractive. Fundamentally the problem is not how to secure but how to retain population.

The present clamour for social reform will not be lessened by the knowledge—widespread since the publication by the Social Service Council of its most recent bulletin on immigration—that within the last ten years some hundreds of thousands of people have forsaken Canada. Nor will the conclusion be missed that, if the number leaving the country has been so large, we cannot with a good conscience represent to prospective immigrants that they will find the conditions which failed to win the permanent allegiance, in so many cases, of their predecessors, radically changed for the better. Let us admit that they are radically different. In the great period of railroad construction which ended in 1914 we could offer employment to labourers in almost any numbers, at attractive rates of wages. During the world-wide shortage of food which the war prolonged until 1920, we could offer to farm settlers the likelihood of an adequate return for the breaking of the soil. But at the moment, alike in agriculture and in transportation, we are, if anything, over-capitalized. The country has made up its mind that it wants no more mileage for some years to come; and the farmers have been harder hit than anyone by the loudly heralded 'return to normalcy'. Settlement must now be conducted, for the sake of the settler himself, with unprecedented care and foresight; and this is not consistent with artificial stimulation of a mass movement. The financial gains immediately to be secured as a result of large immigration demand the creation of a factitious 'boom', which could scarcely be prolonged, and must be followed by further reaction, loss, and unnecessary hardship.

The truth to which all of us must eventually come is that in the troubled situation which remains as war's inevitable legacy we must work out our own salvation. The common task will not be simplified by those who represent a large immigration as the only alternative to disaster. We are on the horns of no such dilemma. We have played our part in a war for which all must pay, victors as well as vanquished. We have closed an epoch in the development of our resources. Growth may be slow for some years to come; taxation will certainly be heavy. If the temptation to emigrate is as persistent as ever, so much the more strongly must it be resisted. For the future, the Canadian who leaves this country to take advantage of easier conditions elsewhere will hold a position analogous to that of a deserter. Those who remain will have much to do besides crying for the moon.

The County Board

SHOULD Ontario, in its wisdom, decide to adopt the city and county as local units of educational administration, a new Education Act would be necessary. This Act would declare that on and after August 1st, 1927, or some such date, two, and only two, local authorities for education would be recognized—the city and the county. Boards of public school trustees, boards of high school trustees, library boards and the like would be abolished and all the powers they now enjoy would be transferred to the new county and city boards. The new boards would be empowered to control and correlate all forms of educational endeavour within their respective areas, to appoint such officials as they deemed fit, to borrow money and to levy taxes for educational purposes on the assessed property and incomes within their areas. The Act would also declare that the boards shall consist of not less than six members nor more than sixteen, elected at large and serving for a period of six years, half the members retiring every three years. The necessary travelling expenses of members of the boards would be paid and an honorarium of \$100 per member per annum would be granted. The first elections to the board would be fixed at a date six months prior to the abolition of the older boards, and provision would be made for the retirement of half the members after a period of three years.

Such, in main outline, would be the provisions of the new Act. The provision for election at large would, of necessity, do away with elections by wards in cities, and the new boards would be more like elected commissions or boards of directors of large corporations than anything else.

The appointment of executive officers would be the first duty of a new board. The chief of these would be the county (or city) director of education who would execute, under the direction of the board, all educational policies determined upon by it. The director as chief educational officer of the county board would have supervisory control of all educational institutions within the board's area. His position would correspond closely to that of a superintendent or managing director of a large corporation. He would furnish the board with expert guidance and submit various educational policies for their consideration at the monthly meetings.

Other executive officers of the board would be a county school medical officer, a county school attendance officer, a county librarian, a county school architect, a secretary, a treasurer, a superintendent of supplies and equipment and a superintendent of buildings and grounds. Under these a corps of assistants would work, chief of whom would be the assistant directors in the various townships.

Such a reorganization of our educational system need not dismay the most timid or hide-bound conservative. The extinction of school sections and the erection of counties and cities into the only local areas would not, in the first instance, lead to the closure of a single school. All the schools now in existence in the various school sections would simply be transferred to the new county board of education. In course of time, as the county board explored the educational needs of the county as a whole, some schools would be closed and others built. But the process of adjustment of school accommodations and the branching out into new types of schools, such as junior high schools, county agricultural schools, and county schools for defective pupils would of necessity be slow, and only those changes which led to immediate and real improvements would be made. On the surface the educational life of the Province would go on very much as before. Children would go to school, laugh, and play as they were wont to do. Below the surface, however, profound reforms would gradually be effected—reforms of such far-reaching nature that our rural areas would be transformed and our citizenship re-made.

And there are excellent precedents for the change. England transformed her educational system by the substitution of city and county areas for the local parishes, and in the United States to-day the areas of progress and enlightenment are coincident with those which have substituted the county for the ancient and too often inefficient school districts.

PETER SANDIFORD.

A Pilgrim in Germany

THE news in London had become so threatening during the last few days there that we fully expected to encounter a certain amount of discomfort at least in travelling to Berlin, particularly as our route lay through the occupied area. The first test came that night at Herbesthal, on the Belgian frontier. The German customs officer who wakened us in the *wagon-lit* at half-past three was a small, dark, harassed-looking man, the brownish pallor of whose face was accentuated by a flaring moustache under his upturned nose. His uniform consisted of a sort of green *Jäger* blouse and a military cap with the inevitable button above the peak. Before going to bed we had laid out our cigarettes and tobacco on the narrow folding table, and now we tried to explain that we wanted to declare them. The German seemed to be a little disconcerted; and after fingering the packages irresolutely, he hurried out of the compartment. We had visions of forms and of explanations in which the choicest phrases from *All You Need in German* would prove miserably and embarrassingly inadequate. A few minutes later

the door opened, and he wedged himself again into the compartment. Again he fingered the cigarettes, and questioned us with deprecatory questions. He seemed to repudiate our reiterated statement that we wished to declare them. At last it dawned on us that he was asking us to give him some. He took only three or four, and seemed to be really pleased. Just after he had gone another official in grey police uniform, a heavy, stolid young man, crowded in. His eye lighted on the cigarettes; and he looked skeptical when we told him we had already declared them. Fortunately at this point our first visitor returned. The two of them wrangled together for a few minutes and then departed. That was all—no opening of bags, nothing but a glance at passports.

When we woke up in the morning we had passed Cologne and were entering the Ruhr. For mile after mile a scene of idle smoke stacks, ugly factories, slag heaps, straggling workmen's suburbs, and almost continuous railway yards drifted slowly past the window. Our train, which was the Warsaw express, seemed to arouse a great deal of interest; even the occasional gangs of uniformed railway workers (here again the military cap with its button was in evidence) interrupted their work to watch us pass. Now and then we saw a French sentry with helmet and fixed bayonet standing on one of the long empty platforms or under a signal box. At Wanne a platoon or so of infantry stood waiting in the station; and beyond Dortmund a few cavalry patrols and at one place a long column of lancers could be seen making their way slowly across the flat country. Apart from this and from the air of brooding expectancy that seemed to have settled down like some mournful holiday on this once thronging industrial region no signs of the occupation were to be seen.

Once clear of the Ruhr, the train, now more than an hour and a half late, put on speed. Even here, beyond the area of occupation, hardly any traffic was moving, and we swept through the large, empty stations and the open pine woods and across the flat, sodden country at a rate that would have done credit to any railway. In spite of our speed the towns grew further and further apart; the isolated farm houses took on a lonely desolate look. It was hard to believe that this seemingly empty plain had once been the great recruiting ground for the Prussian armies. To-day this peasant population is the only well-nourished portion of the German people; and, as ever, it is not only conservative but particularly amenable to military discipline of a certain type. Some day a counter-revolution may be sufficiently prolonged to enable the militarists to tap this ancient source of strength.

The roads in northern Germany, as in all parts of central Europe, have fallen into a state of extreme dilapidation. Across one of them that ran for some

distance beside the line were laid at regular intervals short rows of stone blocks obstructing the wheel tracks alternately on either side, and making it necessary for any traffic to zigzag its way along. Whether this had some connection with projects for repair, or whether, as seemed more likely, it formed a part of some half-hearted plan to delay a further French advance, was a matter for speculation. The only other diversion, except visits to the crowded dining car, which were almost as unappetizing as they were cheap, was a conversation in the next compartment, in which a man with a German accent expounded dispassionately to an Englishman his theory of the struggle in the Ruhr. In his view the origin of the whole business lay in the rivalry between Creusot and Essen; both needed coke and ore; and if their contest took this form, why need either the French or German peoples feel particularly concerned. He must have been a very prosperous Jew, or perhaps he was a member of the Third International.

Evening had closed in as we sped through the rain across the Brandenburg plain into the suburbs of Berlin. While we were waiting for our taxi outside the Friedrichstrasse station, a voice behind us murmured, 'Excuse me, gentlemen, I was wounded in the war. If you have a little English or French money— Life is very hard in Berlin'. It was our first experience of the war beggars of Berlin; but this respectable looking young man with his forage cap, his demilitarized great-coat, and his limp was nothing compared with some of the sights we saw afterwards—in Unter Den Linden, in the Leipziger Strasse, everywhere one went—men whose heads twitched constantly from side to side, men who dragged themselves along the centre of the sidewalks with their legs bent double under them. One thing that makes one believe that some of them at any rate must be genuine victims of the war is that the police never bother them. Of authentic *mutilés* such as one sees in London and Paris—the one-armed, one-legged men of the upper classes—for the others have not so much occasion to use the principal streets and hotels—Berlin, and indeed all central Europe, shows significantly few. Evidently wounds are no insurance against the calamity that has overtaken the middle classes of Germany and Austria.

Berlin has changed, no doubt, in the last eight years; but, even after making allowances for the wear and tear of war and revolution and peace, it is difficult to believe that this flat, drab city, with its great bare squares, its dirty stucco, and its not very imposing public buildings, is the capital of what was not so long ago the most powerful industrial and military state of Europe, the nerve centre of the prolonged struggle, waged almost alone by the German peoples, against most of the nations of the world. Today it looks more like some large provincial town

whose best days are past. An air of foreboding hangs over it, everything seems to have felt the touch of desuetude and decay. One had heard a good deal about the display of the profiteers in the expensive hotels. Perhaps the convention against dressing and dancing while the French occupation continued had something to do with it, but there were few signs of extravagance, even at the Adlon. This famous hotel might still be called luxurious, but it is a distinctly tarnished luxury, and it can never have approached the magnificence of the best hotels in London or Paris. Its restaurant still maintains a pretence of opulence, but even there the staples, such as bread, butter, soup, in fact anything into the composition of which fats or dairy products enter, were undisguisedly bad, and there was no fruit worth the name. One Englishman, who had been living there almost continuously since the armistice, told us that he had been in hospital twice as a result of the diet. On the whole the food at this hotel, which is held in execration by the common people as the typical abode of shameless luxury, was, with the exception that there were no restrictions on meat, distinctly worse than the sort of food one got at a first-rate London hotel during the worst days of the submarine campaign.

As far as northern Germany is concerned (it may be different in Bavaria) there can be no doubt about the attitude of the people towards foreigners of British nationality. They are anxious to show them not only civility but respect; and what is more remarkable, when one considers Germany's economic condition, they seem, for the most part, to be prepared to deal honestly with them. All foreigners, of course, are asked special prices for almost every kind of commodity or service; but this practice, which might easily have been made a matter of subterfuge and trickery, is almost invariably open and above-board, and in spite of it the cost of living remains extraordinarily low. It need not be imagined, however, that the traveller is embarrassed by any offensive display of friendliness. The general run of the people one sees in the streets of Berlin are too apathetic for that. In Dresden they looked less miserable, but nowhere was there any cheerfulness or animation, let alone arrogance. The once formidable police of Berlin have become almost self-effacing; and the few soldiers one saw—even the cadets of the military school of Potsdam—looked hardly less sallow and slack than the civilians. The familiar, highly-coloured Prussian of the magazine story—the brutal, blond Junker of war propaganda—one looked for in vain. An occasional undersized youth with a scar on his face was a poor substitute. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that one could walk a whole day in the streets of Berlin without seeing a really comely face or a healthy one.

What is the feeling behind all this misery? Does the outward apathy conceal a passion of revenge; or has all energy been destroyed by years of undernourishment and anxiety? There can be no doubt that the resentment against France grows daily more bitter. If France is really seeking reparations and not the destruction of German industry, why, it is asked, has she persistently refused every German proposal for co-operation in the restoration of the devastated regions, and why has this occupation, following so closely on M. Dariac's ominous report, come at the very time when coal deliveries were at their height? Germans can find only one answer to this question; M. Poincaré has decided to act on the Dariac report. It is this conviction—a conviction shared by many foreigners familiar with German conditions—that has united the German people in resistance, and put an end, for the time being at any rate, to any chance of a *rapprochement* with France such as was sought by Walter Rathenau. How far this resentment will go depends really upon the future course of French policy, but anything like an early war of revenge is, in the opinion of one of the highest allied officials in Germany, simply out of the question; the Germans have not the power to re-arm. The immediate danger, according to the same authority, lies in the possibility of a communist revolution followed by counter-revolution and civil war, with chances probably more nearly in favour of the militarists than they have been at any time since the armistice. Whether the French politicians can envisage such an outcome with equanimity is doubtful. That their military advisers in Berlin, at any rate, cannot, we were assured beyond question. German industry would be dislocated, and the German republic would in all probability be ruined. The last hope of reparations would have vanished; and where would be France's security in a Europe festering with unrest?

E. H. BLAKE.

Leaves from a European Note Book

'SHE'S a Hungarian and Communist, has worked for the Soviet, is now a student here, has influenza and probably no food; little Fraulein Schmidt looks as though she were going down with influenza or something worse, and I imagine she has only a bowing acquaintance with food herself.'

'Let's call this afternoon', I said, 'and see this dangerous Bolshevik.'

The last rays of wintry sunlight still touched the housetops but in the narrow street it was dusk and the entrance to the house was only exceeded in darkness by the endless flights of stairs up which we felt our way. Instinct, not sight, selected the door.

After whisperings and delay we were shown into a small room. By the dim evening light we distinguished a girl lying on an improvised bed; her oval face was framed by smooth fair hair folded over her ears; she was very pale; features and expression somehow brought to mind one of Botticelli's Madonnas. She flushed as we entered, protested that influenza was dangerous, that she was much better, that Fraulein Schmidt's friends were too kind in coming to call. But after a few minutes we began to talk of books and of university life, avoiding of course anything so intimate as the problem of how to live. So the acquaintance began.

One morning I found her sitting up. Her face seemed almost transparent, yet full of spirit when she spoke. 'Why do you study in Vienna at so difficult a time?' I asked. 'Are you not a Hungarian?'

She nodded, 'But I am banished from my country. I am a Socialist and after the Red Revolution in Hungary I was suspect and imprisoned. They released me on condition I should leave the country. Having to choose a new country it seemed well to serve the most socialistic. So I entered Russia after many, many difficulties. My knowledge of languages brought me work in a government bureau in Moscow. After six months they made it more difficult for me to depart than they had made it for me to enter.'

'Why did you depart?'

'I was disappointed, I was mistaken. I had hoped to find all men equal, but it was not so. Property had been confiscated it is true, the old classes were gone but new ones were rising. Then the system of distribution was faulty. When I was there one received commodities for labour. One first obtained an order. Then we had this order twice stamped in different bureaus, this meant standing in line three times and three walks from place to place. It was cold, so cold, and it was three wastings of very much time. Then one waited perhaps one, perhaps two, perhaps three months for permission to go to a warehouse. Again one walked far, again one stood in line and perhaps in the end the commodity was exhausted. That is difficult when one needs clothing for a Russian winter. But, what made me leave was not that. In line waiting were always others in greater need than I, and I knew it to be anti-social for me to take anything. So I came away.'

'Why do you study here?'

'So many of the workers are ignorant. They believe as I once did that Marx had solved all. I know now that there is still more to solve—I must do my part towards finding the solution—You know revolution, you know the sufferings of society how unendurable they are. A way to end strife between capital and labour must be found. I have come to think that perhaps no organization will do this.'

MARGARET WRONG.

Correspondence

THE CANADIAN FORUM had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions. Discussion is invited on editorials or articles appearing in the magazine or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Conciseness, point, and good nature must be asked of correspondents, who should confine themselves to 800 words. The Editors are not responsible for matter printed in this column.

The Saving of the Church

To the Editor, **THE CANADIAN FORUM**.

Sir:

The article appearing in the March number of your journal under the title of 'The Saving of the Church' is written in so kindly a spirit that it seems almost a pity the writer should have given the impression that he has entirely misunderstood the—shall I say?—orthodox Christian point of view. The writer appears to believe that the Catholic regards his religion as a mediaeval faith isolated from all other interpretations of human experience and is therefore bound to resent the investigations of science and the study of comparative religion. From this suicidal policy of splendid isolation he must be saved, and the rôle of saviour is to be played by a twentieth-century edition of the religion of Matthew Arnold. That is the impression I have received from reading Mr. Hooke's article, and I confess that the suggested programme leaves me stone cold. If the Catholic faith suffers already from being 'dated', what will be gained by doing it over and re-dating it in this or any other century?

I think, however, that the mistake lies in the assumption that the religious experience of the practising Catholic is bounded by his intellectual comprehension of creeds and formulae, or even by the traditional interpretation which the Church has given to them from age to age. There is a certain minimum which the Catholic is bound to believe—and to practise, and this is within the capabilities of the dullest, the stodgiest, and the veriest of Philistines. But there is no maximum, no limit (taking his entire spiritual experience as a whole) to his participation in the life of the universe. That is the basis upon which the whole of Christian mysticism is founded, and though, as far as terrestrial experience is concerned, progress may be very slow and confined to rare periods of development alone, the way is open and assured to all who accept the minimum. Beyond that the Church does not go. She has never laid down rules by which the Almighty shall govern Himself in saving souls, nor has she ever condemned an individual to Hell. About these things she is wisely agnostic.

Somewhere on his spiritual journey the Catholic is almost sure to meet the activities of science and culture. Many of these he will recognize as by-products of his religion, others as the various expressions of individual temperament. Some will not interest him, others will be absorbed into his spiritual experience. Instead of feeling isolated by his religion he believes that by virtue of his birthright he is heir to all things. He may even beat the twentieth-century intellectual at the latter's own game. He may become a man of letters, a politician, an archaeologist, an authority on natural selection, a follower of Coué, a disciple of Schoenberg, a member of the Rotary Club, nay, even a student of comparative religion. There is nothing in his religion to prevent him from participating in any of these activities, and there is everything in his religion to assist him in excelling in all of them. But he is under no delusions. He

knows what is for him at least the main issue. To him God is still God, and the Mass is still the Mass, whereas Matthew Arnold in a chasuble will still be only Matthew Arnold.

Yours, etc.,

Toronto.

D. P. WAGNER.

[If the delightful spirit, breadth of vision, and complete frankness which mark Mr. Wagner's letter were characteristic of the leaders of the Church, it would be unnecessary to speak about 'The Saving of the Church'. But one remembers Tyrrell, Loisy, Duchesne. Is it certain that I shall escape everlasting perdition if I do not believe 'thus of the Trinity?' I think that Mr. Wagner, Baron von Hügel, and myself, if I may associate great things with small, are not far apart. But to me the main difficulty is still apparent in Mr. Wagner's letter, the Church still embodies the conception of a supernatural life, interpenetrating this natural life of my world, for my salvation. *Non sic iur ad astra*, at least so I believe, but time is the only arbiter, I suppose. I would, however, plead that my ministrant is not a disillusioned critic in a chasuble, but a creator, a maker of things, in the garb of every day. I am grateful to Mr. Wagner for so lenient a treatment of an obviously inadequate essay on a great subject.—S. H. H.]

The Saving of God

'**SAVE** the church!' cries the Anglo-Catholic lawyer of Mr. Hooke's little sketch in the last issue of **THE CANADIAN FORUM**, 'you might as well talk about saving God!'

The writer of the article was obviously too good a churchman to push the matter further; but we may perhaps be forgiven if we rush in where he refrained to tread, and boldly ask, 'Why *not* talk about saving God? God, we may presume, will save the church, but who will save God?'

That the question is both a pertinent and a timely one is evident to anyone who is acquainted with the present situation as between the forces of Religion and Science; and that situation is one of such interest and pregnancy that a brief review of it is well worth the trouble involved.

The noise and tumult of the great battle of words which followed the publication of the Darwinian thesis has, it is true, died down. No longer does every pulpit rock with damnable threatenings against those who would question the Revealed Word of God; no longer do the confessed upholders of the Scientific View walk with the self-conscious gait of the somewhat superior martyr. The current of ecclesiastical verbiage now flows suavely in the direction of Social Service and Church Efficiency; while the epoch-making lectures of Mr. Robert Ingersoll have descended by slow degrees to the 5c tray at Britnell's—there, in helpless fury, to rub shoulders with countless volumes of 'Collected Sermons'.

That battle is certainly over: it only remains to inquire, with Alice, 'but who has won?'

'Why, Religion, without a doubt!' cry many; 'scientists have learned by sad experience that Christianity in no wise depends upon "the credibility of Genesis or the edibility of Jonah"; the true faith has triumphantly stood the test!'

And indeed there would appear to be considerable support for such a view. The church bells still jangle in lusty competition every Sabbath morning: Mr. William Sunday has amassed a larger fortune than do most business men: even on the most modern tombstones biblical texts are more common than quotations from *The Origin of Species*. And have not our evening papers recently described, with appropriate sentiments, the 'broadcasting' of an entire church service from Toronto? Behold rebellious science at length reduced to her rightful position—the Handmaid of Religion!

Superficially the arguments are plausible enough, and there may be many, even among thinking people, who have a vague belief in their validity. But it would be false kindness to leave any such impression unchallenged; for, unless the church can be brought honestly to face today's facts, and to face them promptly, the result is certain to be disastrous to her.

Never before has the threat to Christianity been quite so serious; for the present cessation of open conflict is merely the outcome of a vast strategic retreat on the part of the church; and everything points to the imminence of a new battle, as much more bitter than the last as the issues that will be involved are much more central.

The fact that the great mass of church people are ignorant of the very existence of any new threat to their creeds, and that even the modernists are apparently unaware of its gravity, is due very largely to ignorance as to the method by which Science operates. That no direct attack is being made upon the Church is no reason for tranquillity, for Science advances, not by attacking her foes frontally, but by outflanking them.

Scientists are concerned first with the investigation and analysis of facts, and then with the projection and establishment of hypotheses to account for these facts. Only incidentally, if at all, do they burden themselves with the unnecessary labour of destroying hypotheses with which they disagree; for they possess—what the Church sorely lacks—a happy faith that Truth, if it be Truth, need but be stated to be ultimately victorious. The so-called 'attacks' of Science upon existing beliefs are thus merely implicit in the statement of such new hypotheses, the 'conflict' simply the spontaneous intellectual ferment set up where two irreconcilable beliefs exist side by side.

The disturbances of the later nineteenth century were caused by the existence of two widely divergent theories as to the origin of things in general—the

Biblical and the Naturalistic. As we can now perceive, the latter, which more nearly fitted the known facts, gradually became the current belief in thoughtful circles; while the biblical explanation was started upon its long descent to the intellectual rag-pickers. It has not yet finally disappeared, and will not for years to come; but its existence has ceased to be significant.

Together with the 'specific creation' of Genesis went a number of related doctrines—the localized heaven and hell, the Ussher chronology, the fiery consumption of the globe, and so on. Religion, in fact, abandoned its claim to be an authority upon any save 'spiritual' matters—abandoned it so completely that not even an Einstein has been able to produce so much as a ripple upon the placid waters of contemporary theology.

God, and his direct dealings with men, now became the sum total of the Church's teaching; and, if she continued to assert his ultimate control over all natural processes, yet she left their discovery and interpretation to others. Only the physical facts connected with the earthly life of Christ were reserved in the capitulation, as these were felt to be 'Things of God' in a stricter sense than, say, the life-history of a bacillus.

Such a position would appear to be almost impregnable as long as one point were granted—that point being, of course, the existence of a supernatural God. Upon that depends the entire doctrinal fabric relating to the person of Christ; and upon that depends also the Church's interpretation of His teachings and experience. While belief in a supernatural God remained unshaken, the whole structure was sound; but it is that very belief which is endangered today—endangered so gravely that 'the saving of God' is anything but a picturesque witticism.

Frontal attacks, such as the exuberant polemics of Mr. Wells, are not very dangerous; nor is there, as yet, much activity on the flanks in the way of explicit statement of an alternative hypothesis; though works like Mr. Geley's *From the Unconscious to the Conscious* are clearly preliminary to such a move. What has gone on, however, is the most extensive isolation and undermining of the whole sector, so that when the moment for action comes the defenders will be hopelessly handicapped; and this has come about simply through the tremendous rôle which Science is coming to play in the life and thought of ordinary people, and particularly of the younger generation.

Without a great mental effort it is difficult to realize how completely men have come, in the last few decades, to depend upon Science for guidance in every sphere of life, and how largely it is beginning to fill the place once occupied by a supernatural being. Great sections of society now regard the

Commandments of Science as the only ones that need really be worried about; and, while 'Divine' revelation has apparently long since ceased, the prophets of Science are unfolding to us day by day new revelations of surpassing wonder and beauty.

Is it astonishing that, to those who have been born and bred in the scientific Wonderland into which this world has been transformed, the very existence of God is commencing to seem improbable? And, to speak quite frankly, if he is the kind of God who is invoked at all ordinary church services, his disappearance will be felt by many to be anything but a loss. Consistency is the very watchword of scientific thought, but to the Church's (I do not say Christ's) God the mere idea seems to be foreign.

Look at him as he is presented Sunday after Sunday to his faithful worshippers! All-powerful, but intensely fussy about trifles; all-loving, but given to fits of extreme anger; insistent upon the grace of humility in others, but himself partial to the most fulsome praise; author and upholder of all natural law, but apparently most truly himself when interfering in capricious ways with its operation.

Real faith in any such God has become quite impossible to the modern mind; and by 'modern mind' I mean nothing more than the healthy intelligence of any ordinary man or woman still young enough to be sensitive to his or her environment. This incredulity is as yet largely unconscious and inarticulate; but once let there be advanced a new hypothesis, broad enough to include the known facts about our world, deep enough to give a firm basis to the half-felt yearnings of a race that was born to love, and we shall see a movement among young people unlike anything the world has yet known.

It is quite possible already to forecast the nature of that new hypothesis, for even now there is appearing, in dim outline, the figure of a new God . . . a God invisible and silent; manifest solely in his works, the myriad works of Life. Ever growing, ever changing, never weary and never satisfied, he lives and moves and exults in the sweeping rhythm of the Universe, in the exquisite perfection of Nature, in the loveliest thoughts of man. To those with the seeing eye, the hearing ear, he reveals himself ever more fully; and the vision of him is as of something utterly beautiful because utterly consistent. He has never trumpeted forth his will to quaking multitudes; but there are those who have felt him leap for joy in their own hearts, when they have denied themselves, more truly to love others. . . .

It is this God, the Spirit of all Life, that is threatening the further existence of the Church's God today, and that waits but for the message of one great new prophet utterly to overthrow him. And the ready retort of the Church, that the two are really one, is met by the simple reiteration that this new God is *not* personal, much less tri-personal; does *not*

lose his temper even with sinners; does *not* delight in flowery adulation; and is *not* outside of, and superior to, the great processes of nature. The conflict is a grimly real one, and is turning, at least in young minds, visibly against the traditional conception.

The last issue of *The Student Movement*, the official organ of a distinctly liberal Christian organization in the British Universities, commences with an editorial which voices serious concern over 'the prevailing fashion of referring by implication rather than directly to God' in ostensibly devotional gatherings, and complains that among students 'phrases like "the things that matter" have in recent years taken the place of direct speech about God, that open rejoicing in the Lord has disappeared, that silent prayer has largely taken the place of extempore prayer at meetings'.

It is not only in Great Britain that this tendency has been observed; the recent Student Conference in Toronto was a convincing proof of its strength on this side; and in China students are protesting against the Western God as 'a new superstition to replace those we have just got rid of'. Examples might be multiplied, but there is no need for it. The editor of the organ quoted is able to reassure himself by attributing it all to self-consciousness and restraint; he is quite right, but the self-consciousness is that evinced by a 14-year-old boy when his aunt talks to him about Santa Claus.

The plain truth is that the official God of all our Christian Churches is rapidly nearing his end; and the fact that in reality he is not, and never was, the Christian God at all, will not help matters much as far as the Churches are concerned. All signs point to an approaching synthesis of the results of modern biology, psychology, and sociology, which will supply the new God with a definite relationship to human life and behaviour. Time is very short; and unless the Churches themselves take action they will inevitably perish with their composite deity. It will be little comfort to them then to know that Science is going on to a triumphant verification of Christ's way of life, and is presenting Him to an awakened world, not, indeed, as a supernatural magician, but as the truest and fairest of the sons of men, the great Pioneer of the way of Love.

The Saving of God—is it possible at all? Only, I think, in one way, the way already trodden by Christ—the way of death. He must die to live; and even dying will not save him unless, like Christ, he die willingly because his hour is come. Then indeed, when his own worshippers have borne him to the tomb, He will rise again, glorified, to reign over His world. And then, when God at last is really a Spirit, Science will be, what she has ever longed to be, His prophet and His priest.

DAVIDSON KETCHUM.

The Road

*This is my world,
The world of the road,
Dust upwhirled
By each passing load.
Motes in the sun
And sunburnt faces,
Stars when the day is done
And open spaces.*

I

Going in on market-morn
An old horse walks—
Draws a Chinaman with cabbages,
Radishes and lettuce-heads,
Onions and fresh greens,
And red-tipped rhubarb stalks.

II

Along the autumn road,
As the robins go to sleep,
The brown-backed
Wide-eyed
Partridges creep.
Up into the trees,
As a dog lopes by,
The road-haunting
Thunder-winged
Partridges fly.
When winter night comes,
Where the white drifts furrow
The snowshoe-footed
Furry-legged
Partridges burrow.
On the fallen logs,
When the spring-time's come,
The green-ruffed
Fan-tailed
Partridges drum.

III

All along the far line of dust between the trees
Runs the line of poles and wire, following the road.
When the frost is coming, or when the evening breeze
Plucks the giant harp, and shakes the cross-arms with
their load,

I can hear the tall poles shout and sing and croon,
Living through their lives again in the autumn night;
Tree-tops in a mad dance underneath the moon,
Branches waving wild arms in the pale half-light.

IV

There on the city street
My clothes seemed dirty and old.
People won't look at a girl who works
Where groceries are sold.

But here on the road
With the crowds far away,

A sunburnt man in a field
Waved me good-day.

V

Light along the darkened road,
Muffled roar against the sky—
Leaping, swaying with her load,
A car goes by.

Cloud of dust that whirls about—
Dim, a far red spark of light
Fading as the car reels out
Into the night.

VI

Drunk, he was, they say,
And, liquor-blind,
Drove his car over the hill
In a whirling slide.
But that was the finest way
That such a man could find—
The swerve and roar and thrill
Before he died.

KEMPER HAMMOND BROADUS.

The Romanticists

THE boy glowered at the wretched clump of swamp trees. All petty second growth stuff it was, that gave no joy in cutting and no heat in burning, dismal little black-green three-inch tagalders and water beeches. Then he counted the poles already cut and piled beside the path. There was not yet a load for the old stone-boat, and he had to cut at least three loads before night. Even so, he must slip over the road to old Jake Ostrander's and return him his paper. He would not stay more than five minutes and then would work twice as hard for the following half hour to make up.

The path runs from the back of the pasture, through the tagalder swamp, and terminates at the side road. Almost directly opposite, on the other side of the road, was Ostrander's shack, since burned down, but on this forenoon sombre with lifeless tarpaper and rusted tin. The boy knocked on the unpainted, rough board door.

'That you, Jim?' The voice quavered with the uncertainty of age.

'Yah.'

A slow shuffling inside, the pulling back of a rasping bolt, and the door was opened. The precautions were surely unnecessary, since, except for a shot-gun on the wall above the bunk bed, there seemed to be nothing of any value in the place. A box nailed to the wall contained a row of paper-bound books and a pile of pink weeklies. A shelf directly above the bunk held more books and magazines. The man was not old after all, not more than

fifty-five, but he was spent. He slouched back to his chair between the table and the box-stove, a tall, stooping figure, with bloodless cheeks and light, thin hair, his face long and seamed into permanent sadness, without bitterness, without hope, without spirit. Yet the face was an intelligent one.

'I brought you back your *Saturday Blade*, Mr. Ostrander', said the boy, pulling an old illustrated weekly out of his blouse. 'My, that miner story was awful good—the way Buckskin kills them three, gee, that's great!'

'Yes, it's pretty slick, but I got a new Nick Carter book that's better. I'll let you have the lend of it after I get it read again.'

The tone was monotonous in its lack of inflection, and he did not even look at the boy, who was gazing reverently at the two divisions of the library.

'Gee, I bet you it's great!'

Ostrander's impassivity could not but be affected by the appeal in the boy's hero-worship. He spat, very deliberately, with the housewife's instinct for tidiness, into a small, sawdust-filled box beside the stove, and then turned toward his visitor.

'Did you ever read *Lone Hand*, or *The Terror of Dead Man's Gulch*?—the man's eyes began to stir with life. 'That book is, to my mind, one of the greatest stories ever wrote.'

'My, eh!—Have you got it now, Mr. Ostrander?'

'No, Jim, I lent it to a sneak once that was workin' on the section gang here, an' he skinned off with it. But I mind me of the feller in it ridin' into Cheyenne in the early mornin'—Jim, there's a place to see, there's a place to see. It ain't much now maybe, but I'd feel like headin' there on the bumpers ag'in, just to see it for the sake of the real days. That's the way you feel about them famous places an' they aint a wall in a bar-room there that aint full of puttied-up bullet holes. They aint a boardin' house floor that aint got the stains where a brave man shot hisself or got shot down from behind by some dirty deputy or other.—An' when the boys'd get full of rotgut an' ride down that there street a-shootin' into the windows just for hellery—boy—there was life. They aint no life any more.'

The boy sighed.

'Gee, I wish I was a Yankee.'

Ostrander looked at him a moment with eyes that had become dull again, and then turned his gaze back to the sawdust box. Although there had been no reproach, no question in the look, the boy interpreted it as a challenge.

'Well, I mean, we never did have excitin' times in Canada, not even with the Indjuns. Now did we?—The hist'ry tells a little about the Indjuns burnin' them priests an' things to death—but gee! it aint excitin' if they don't get away. An' anyway, that aint excitin' like the cowboys an' Comanches an'

forty-niners an' scouts. Now is it?—Why didn't we get cowboys an' six-shooters an' noble outlaws?'

Ostrander looked at him again, understandingly and mournfully.

'We got too much law here in Canady, Jim. That's what spoiled the Northwest. I aint sayin' anything ag'in the Mounted Police. They are gritty, an' many's a man amongst 'em could put more'n one notch in his gun, but they made the Northwest too dull an' dead for a white-man's country. That's what's killed Canady—too much law, that, an' bein' too stiff about the law.—Can you see that pictur' just the other side of the window, Jim, right under the trigger-guard of the shotgun?'

The boy had often seen it, but had not been interested. The face was a hard, handsome one, with too regular features, of a man in his thirties. His moustache swept away over his cheeks with the straightening curve of the old English long bow. He was in a dress suit, but the tie was very negligently arranged, and one long end hung over the coat lapel. Black hair, brushed straight back from the forehead, hung down over his shoulders with the suggestion of curls.

'That', said Ostrander, 'is Wild Bill, the real Wild Bill!'

He paused, but the boy evidently failed to appreciate the dramatic value of the announcement, and he brightened perceptibly.

'That man Wild Bill, was calculated to be the quickest and deadliest shot that ever toted a gun in the Western States, Jim. They say he never crippled a man an' never shot at a man he didn't get.—An' he got sixty-three.'

'Say!—An' did some deputy get him? Oh, I hope they didn't.'

'Him?—Jim, that what I was sayin' about the law. Why, out of them sixty-three, he killed sixty-two while he was a marshal. Now that's somethin' like law. I ever tell you about the seven he got one night?'

The man had risen to his feet and was pacing back and forth across the floor, almost erect now. His face was alight with an ecstatic fervour which, however it might have affected an adult, thrilled the boy.

'Boys oh boys! He was a man! I mind the day I heard about that night.—It was in a saloon at Hay, in Kansas.—Bill leans on the bar, facin' five of the gang an' a big lookin'-glass beyond 'em. They're all strangers, only he kinda suspicions something, but he don't say nothin'. Then he squints in the lookin'-glass an' he sees two others come in behind him. Then he knows.—One of them is Butch Joe, a cousin of Cole Younger's an' second head of the Darrell gang. Wild Bill knows as Butch wants to get him, but he knows Butch won't shoot till he turns.—So he calls for his p'ison an' drinks it down



LAKE LAND
FROM A LINO CUT BY
THOREAU MACDONALD

as slow an' careless as if he was back on the farm. Then, when he sets the glass down, he lets his hand drop careless like to his side. Then he jumps sideways, shootin' back an' front with both hands as he goes.—Well, boys, Wild Bill was laid up for the best part of a year, but them seven was all planted down the next morning.'

'Gee! eh!' The boy went over for a closer look at the picture. But even seven dead men could not wholly overcome the handicap of a boiled shirt, and it was polite interest rather than absorbing curiosity that prompted his next question.

'What become of him?'

'Shot in the back of the head, Jim, like many's another brave man. Playin' cards in a saloon in Deadwood, he was. I was in Deadwood and seen his grave once.'

'Was you?'

'Goin' on to ten years now.'

There was an embarrassed silence. Ordinarily there would have been no awkwardness in such a cessation of conversation, but this time the boy felt uncomfortable. He glanced furtively at the man, and then stared in real distress at the picture, at the shotgun, at the sawdust box. Ostrander was regarding him questioningly, indeed timidly. The boy's constraint must in some mysterious fashion have been reassuring, for the man pulled out the drawer of the table, and from it took out an old cigar-box. Untying the leather shoe-lace, which kept the warped lid down, he opened the box and passed silently over to the boy another photograph, a photograph of a typical young cowboy, in all the glory of the traditional outfit, even to a formidable Colt. The visitor's face lighted up with anticipatory enthusiasm.

'I was workin' in Minnesota', said Ostrander, 'an' I went down to Deadwood to see her.'

'Her?' The boy could not suppress the disappointment in his tone.

'Yes, Jim. That's Calamity Jane, the most unfortunat' an' undaunted woman maybe God ever created.—I've bached it, Jim, an' I never took much stock in females, but Calamity Jane was different. I knowed that the minute I sot eyes on that pictur' of her'n there. I got it at Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show.'

Strangely enough, the lifelessness, the impression of senility which had almost left his face and voice while he had told about Wild Bill, now returned to both. Yet he was deeply moved.

'I thought about that pictur', Jim, nights, an' I used to light the lamp just to look at it.—She lived a man's life, an' never acted like a woman, nor dressed like one, nor had any truck with 'em. An' I guess maybe that's partly why I felt drawn to her. I was in Brimley, State of Michigan, at that time, an' I jumped my job an' hoofed it on the ties for Montana, where she was. I thought I'd maybe get a

chance to see her there, an' maybe stand up to a bar with her for a drink some time. I wanted her to have one drink on me, Jim. Well, when I got to Montana I heard she was in South Dakota, an' I worked long enough to pay my way to there, to Deadwood.—But when I got to Deadwood they told me how she'd been dead an' buried for nigh on to two years, an' how she'd made her dyin' request to be buried by the side of Wild Bill. So that's how I seen Wild Bill's grave.'

'Well, I guess I better get back to my choppin', Mr. Ostrander', said the boy, turning toward the door.

For the first time in the history of his strange acquaintance with Jake Ostrander, chopping three-inch tagalders offered the grateful appeal of change.

J. D. ROBINS.

Carl Sandburg

CARL SANDBURG, like his contemporary Edgar Lee Masters, belongs to the middle section of that body of American poets who compose what is known as the modern movement. When I say 'the middle', I mean that he follows no tradition, old or new, but swings between the lyricism of Robert Frost on the one hand, and the imagist school of Amy Lowell on the other. He can write of Chicago as 'Hog Butcher to the World' or of the fog,

The fog comes
on little cat feet.

It sits looking
Over harbour and city
On silent haunches
And then moves on.

There we have a touch of Sandburg's imaginative quality. For he has as his inheritance the imaginative faculty of a long ancestry of Swedish peasant stock.

In a country as large as the United States of America, an art which is broadly, all-inclusively national cannot evolve except over a long period of time. The painter or poet of Colorado, Nebraska, or California will not express the life-currents of New England. The cow-boy of Arizona does not think, speak, nor act as the farm boy of New Hampshire. The United States is a complex of nations within a nation. A few great artists do come—those whom Whitman calls 'The Answerers'—those through whom and in whom the whole national life finds expression. The rest are singers like Carl Sandburg, one in whom a unit of the national life finds the expression of its joys, loves, hates, fears, aspirations, and poetic content in its own vernacular medium.

Such is Sandburg, the artist, the bard of alley-rats, fruit vendors, bohunks, navvies, street walkers, bar tenders, restaurant waiters, and the rest of the

army of America's millions created by an industrial system that crowds humanity into great and ugly cities of smoke and steel.

People singing; people with song mouths connecting song hearts; people who must sing or die; people whose song hearts break if there is no song mouth; these are my people.

At thirteen Sandburg was driving a milk wagon in a small Illinois town. He has been a hotel porter, barber, scene-shifter, truck driver, railroad navvy, farm labourer, soldier, university student, and newspaper editor. It is natural that a sensitive, imaginative nature, feeling itself actually a part of this layer of humanity, expressing their hates, fears, loves, and aspirations in their own vernacular idiom, would not speak in the poetic language of any tradition. The vernacular with Carl Sandburg ceases to be slang and becomes a dialect.

Writing on this very subject of slang in America, Whitman said (and Sandburg acknowledges himself a disciple of Whitman's):

Language, be it remembered, is not an abstract construction of the learned, or of dictionary makers, but is something arising out of the work, needs, ties, joys, affections, tastes of long generations of humanity, and has its basis broad and low, close to the ground. Its final decisions are made by the masses;—people nearest the concrete. . . .

When this point of view is appreciated Sandburg's poetry takes on a beauty, because it has real feeling and he, like other poets, far removed in environment and outlook, sees an inkling of immortality in nature. Take this, from *Slabs of the Sunburnt West*, his latest book:

The worn tired stars say
You shall die early and die dirty.
The clean cold stars say
You shall die late and die clean.

The runaway stars say
You shall never die at all,
Never at all.

If we go to Robert Burns to learn the springs of feeling in the breast of a Scottish peasant, or to Sandburg's contemporary, Robert Frost, that we may catch the hopeless dullness of a New England farm, we must go to Carl Sandburg to know something of the thoughts of the men who spend their days over troughs of molten metal.

In the blood of men and the ink of chimneys
The smoke nights write their oaths,
Smoke into steel and blood into steel,
Homestead, Braddock, Birmingham,—they make their steel
with men.
Smoke and blood is the mix of steel.

The gamut of impressions one gets on reading consecutively through a volume of Sandburg's verse varies from the mild amusement experienced from a seat in the bleachers at a baseball game to that lump in the throat which comes in the presence of moving tragedy. The pages literally teem with life. What-

ever else you may say of them, they are never dead. The poet feels with the sensitive soul of a true artist and can literally live inside of the people about whom he writes. Take 'Ambassadors of Grief' as an example.

There was a little fliv of a woman loved one man and lost out; and she took up with another and it was a blank again. And she cried to God the whole layout was a fake and a frame-up. And when she took up with number three she found the fires burnt out, the love power gone. And she wrote a letter to God and dropped it in a mail box. The letter said:

O God, aint there some way you can fix it up, so the little flivs of women, ready to throw themselves in front of railroad trains for men they love, can have a chance? I guessed the wrong keyes, battered on the wrong panels, I picked the wrong roads. O God aint there no way to guess again and start all over back where the roads all come together and I had my pick?

And the letter went to Washington, D.C., dumped into a dump where all letters go addressed to God, and no house number.

That poem is perhaps typical of Sandburg both as to style and treatment. Here is what he says about his own style:

Kill my style
and you break Pavlova's legs
and you blind Ty Cobb's batting eye.

But you can turn over a few pages and come on something in an entirely different mood, 'Nocturne in a Deserted Brick Yard':

Stuff of the moon
Runs on the lapping sand
Out of the longest shadows.
Under the curving willows
And round the creep of the wave line
Fluxions of yellow and dusk on the waters
Make a wide dreaming pansy of an old pond in the night.

There are times when even an admirer feels that he is forcing and merely making images unembellished with the colour of his heart. Perhaps his best work is in *Chicago Poems*, but the most philosophical and mystical poem he has attempted is *Slabs of the Sunburnt West*, the title poem of his latest book.

I have quoted some lines from this poem to illustrate the promise of immortality which Sandburg sees in Nature. But this promise is more frequently forgotten by him. He is blown about by impressions and a groping toward a vague kind of socialism. Part of the time he turns propagandist quite frankly. Then his perception is clouded by the smoke of his steel mills and battleship funnels. He feels it himself:

Smoke of the fields in spring is one,
Smoke of the leaves in autumn another,
Smoke of a steel-mill roof, or a battleship funnel,
They all go up in a line with a smokestack
Or they twist . . . in the slow twist . . . of the wind.

If the north wind comes they run to the south.
If the west wind comes they run to the east.

By this sign
All smokes
Know each other.

It is this very flux of Sandburg's that makes him so typical of his age. Chaos and mental unrest are in the times. The beauty of modern life is certainly not on the surface. Its real beauty is in its aspiration, in its reaching, in the effort it is making to knock off the dust of prejudice and dogma from its feet and seek a wider consciousness and broader basis for affection. Of the earlier poets in the modern American movement, Edwin Arlington Robinson is an example of the shift from 19th century puritanism to something wider and more human in outlook. The third section, the group headed by Amy Lowell and H. D. do not seem to be greatly concerned with life in its broader aspects. Sandburg and Edgar Lee Masters are the outstanding examples of the section who write of life itself. Masters is coldly ironic. Sandburg's irony is hot and less subtle.

Now the house on the lake front is finished and the workmen are beginning the fence.

The palings are made of iron bars with steel points that can stab the life out of any man who falls on them.

As a fence it is a masterpiece and will shut off the rabble and all vagabonds and hungry men and all wandering children looking for a place to play;

Passing through the bars and over the steel points will go nothing except Death and the Rain and Tomorrow.

George Santayana, in the preface to one of his books, remarks:

In the classical and romantic tradition of Europe, Love, of which there was little, was supposed to be kindled by Beauty, of which there was a great deal: Perhaps moral chemistry will be able to reverse this operation, and in the future, and in America, it may breed Beauty out of Love.

The Beauty hidden in the best of the verse of Carl Sandburg is the beauty born of a human democratic affection. So he can write:

Let the love of this hour go on: let all the oaths and children and people of this love be clean as a washed stone under a waterfall in the sun.

This is what one feels in his verse and does not feel in the work of most of the modern poets. He is never gross in the sense that Masters, for instance, is gross. He is practically free from the vulgarization of sex, which is a common tendency of literature today. His philosophy of life is intuitional rather than intellectual. Regardless of what criticism one can make of his style, one must admit that the poet himself is an artist, one who has dared to be himself. He is distinctly of this age, of this era, and of this continent. He has taken a cross section of American life which offers the most unpromising material and imbued the vernacular of the people with colour and feeling which probably no other contemporary writer could achieve. Carl Sandburg has therefore made a valuable contribution to American literature and American life.

F. B. HOUSSE.

A Woman in Philosophy¹

MISS SINCLAIR is known to a large public as one of the more important novelists of the day: she is also known to a more restricted, if not more select, group of readers as the author of a *Defence of Idealism*. We need not stop to marvel at this versatility for it is already discounted by the reader who is willing to regard philosophy as a special branch of fiction, and in any case it is true that creative imagination must play a large part in both. Let us rather confess at once that the *Defence of Idealism* was a book which the academic philosophers delighted to honour both for its depth of understanding and its lightness of touch.

It is evident that Miss Sinclair has lost none of her energy either in style or logic. No reputation is proof against her unregenerate ways of attack. Perhaps there is somewhere a Montessori school where the young are taught to take liberties with effigies of great men and coin smart phrases before the statue of Hegel or even of Professor Alexander disguised as Spinoza. If there is such a school, it is certain that Miss Sinclair is its best advertisement. She plays with the ponderous and hustles the immovable as none but a trained athlete can do these things. Unfortunately the written word is a little too static for success to be inevitable: the real firework goes off and is done with, but the literary firework, after the first explosion, is returned to the shelf and one is tempted to make it go off again later. That is when the enthusiasm begins to apologize for itself. In matters of style we must confess that Miss Sinclair seems to have worked out the pyrotechnic method. She likes to write 'epistemology (that horrid word!)', which is ungenerous if she is really unable to find a better. She manufactures a fine phrase about 'the idea of the plesiosaurus disporting himself on his mesozoic beach', and on p. 9, being still fresh, we rather liked it, but afterwards it returned and we knew the writer had become conscious of a pose. We have heard of a 'bolt from the blue', but Miss Sinclair has a variation on that phrase: at a crisis the idealist 'makes a bolt for the Absolute' (p. 12) and thereafter he may be referred to simply as 'making a successful bolt'. But we need not labour this point: it seems to be a part of Miss Sinclair's theory that truth is made a little more true by unconventional language, which is true so long as people are not so distracted by the funny words that they forget all about the truths.

This is only too likely to happen in the case before us, and it would be a matter for regret. *The New Idealism* is in some ways a great book. To begin with the subject, we may say that the choice of the topic and the title are alike signs of a masterly hand. For it is exactly the problem of a new idealism

¹*The New Idealism*, by May Sinclair (Macmillan; \$3.50).



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which is foremost to-day. The problem has arisen exactly as Miss Sinclair explains. First there was an idealism which grew out of the belief that something akin to thought was the real stuff of the Universe and that to be, in any proper sense, means to be known. After this came the inevitable reaction, not altogether because the doctrine was wrong, but mainly because the historical background which gave it significance changed and so distorted the perspective. Science took the lead and the captive philosophers trailed behind in chains and declared that for them, personally, to be was to be scientific. We who are not yet grey can remember the dreary barrenness of a generation which lost faith and really did nothing but copy the science which it should have interpreted. Swift and sure was the nemesis. Before the ink was dry the words had become futile. Science had already found that progress means new problems and that the foundations of belief must be reconsidered. Mathematics went in search of its own logic: physics found its distinctions cumbered by uncertainty about such primary terms as space and time: biology saw its old foundations crumble. But this which has been so badly called the bankruptcy of science was in reality a new wealth of meaning, and philosophy has grown rich by inheritance.

The history of these events is too long to recount. It amounts in brief to the statement that the old idealism was challenged by a new realism, and this realism is so unlike any other realism that it might as well be regarded as a new idealism. It is the great merit of Miss Sinclair's book that it presents this movement fairly and suggests one of the possible results. We cannot do justice to the material upon which the conclusion is built because it is far the most technical part of modern philosophy. To those who know, it will be enough to say that Miss Sinclair reviews and criticizes the work of the American realists, of Russell, Broad, Whitehead, Alexander, and does not forget the influence of Einstein. It is clear that Miss Sinclair really knows her texts at first hand which is a great deal to say considering the abstruseness of these mathematico-physical philosophers.

Space, time, causality, and all the allied topics can no longer be played with or dismissed as innate and intuitive: they have come to their own as real objects, more really real than those abstractions which we usually call things. But this means that we are compelled to take seriously the intellectual elements in the world of our daily life, and therefore our realism must be a new rationalism. Miss Sinclair's view is that this rationalism has already granted the major proposition, namely, that experience is consciousness and therefore that the idealist will survive as the fittest, if he will accept the necessary reforms.

The work is divided into two parts. All that we have described above goes into part one, which rather neatly disarms the opponent by presenting the realistic movement under the title of 'Critical Preparations'. The second part then follows as 'Reconstruction of Idealism'. To state what this is, seems almost like giving away the ending of a novel, and perhaps the writer was not unaware of the art which thus keeps the plot going to the end. It must be enough to say that Miss Sinclair does make a reconstruction and it may be that her plan is sound. The new idealism is to remain faithful to the old maxims, but its salvation is to lie in a distinction between primary and secondary consciousness, so that the 'matter' of our experience will be this primary consciousness. The strength and the weakness of realism lies in the belief that objects are really independent of the mind which knows them, with the consequent difficulty of explaining how this independence is broken down in order that there may be knowledge. Miss Sinclair's plan is to use certain recent developments in the theory of evolution and of the unconscious, and thereby provide a place for real events in our lives apart from the sphere of complete knowledge. If we remember that the science to which she appeals insists that things are events, we shall see the plausibility of this plot which would end by finding reality in the pure events of our experience. In that case the New Idealism would have devoured the New Realism and peace would reign, but whether this is the really final philosophy we cannot say.

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The Bookshelf

What is Progress?

Western Races and the World; Essays arranged and edited by F. S. Marvin (The Unity Series, Oxford; \$4.00).

The Northern D'Entrecasteaux, by Jenness and Ballantyne (Clarendon Press, Oxford; 4.00).

'Summer schools' have of late years become an interesting addition to the educational activity of England, a significant example being the 'Unity History Schools' arranged by the author of *The Living Past*. The idea was born on the fateful first of August, 1914, and except for the dark summers of 1917 and 1918 has every year found fruition in a series of lectures and discussions ranging around the problems of world-unity. The volume before us is the record of the school of 1921, which was devoted to the big question of 'the relations of the West towards other races and nations in various degrees of progress'.

It is not possible to review here the many and varied contributions to this subject which are offered within the compass of one small volume. The series is well-planned, and Mr. Marvin has been very successful in choosing his lecturers, all of whom have something to say of pith and moment on the aspects with which they deal. It is no vague humanitarianism which runs through the volume but a faithful attempt to treat some exceedingly difficult issues in terms of the historical background and the present facts. If it suffers from a certain discontinuity, that is perhaps inevitable in a composite work on such a theme.

If unity is to be found it must be in some conception of human progress. Mr. Marvin, in his introductory chapter, essays once more to find a basis for this conception. How are we to determine and measure progress when we survey the ranges of civilization? In view of the different human qualities demanded and developed by the diverse milieus of human life it is hard to find a standard. Clearly it is not measured by keenness of eye, fleetness of foot, agility, strength, or other physical quality. Nor can we make skill in the arts our measure, with all the difficulty of comparison which that involves. Nor can we judge by the empirical knowledge of nature, where the city-dweller is far surpassed by hunter and farmer. Where then is our criterion? Mr. Marvin's answer is as follows:

We do not pretend to paint better than the Chinese in their own manner, or to execute finer work than the Indians or the Moors or the Persians with their inherited skill and age-long methods. We have acquired, in fuller measure than they, science, or accurate and well-ordered knowledge, and collective power largely based on this, with its accompanying organization and superior consciousness of the world and of mankind.

Consequently 'the grounds of the superiority of the West which we assumed are primarily collective'.

Is this enough? The answer curiously echoes the famous lines of Virgil beginning

Excudent alii spirantia mollius aera.

The Roman, too, found civilizational superiority in organization, in science and its endowment of power. But we who know its end as well as its zenith are not satisfied with the answer. We surmise that something befell the free life of the spirit within that framework of order and power. We feel that the strong purpose which erected that framework no longer found fulfilment by its means and that thus the collective gain was made frustrate through the loss of individual devotion. In this same volume Mr. Stuart Jones, writing on the Roman Empire, has touched that problem.

The failure [he says] was a failure to solve the fundamental problem (with which we are still wrestling) of the relation of the individual to the state, especially the great state. At the time when Rome unified the Mediterranean world, its inhabitants were drifting away . . . towards abstentionist philosophies, towards other-worldly religions, towards the shoals and rocks of astrology, magic, and such like; and the state, enjoying omnipotence and claiming omniscience, was left in the heavy hands of the autocrats and the bureaucrats, in whose interests no man, in the last resort, will willingly fight.

The root of progress is certainly not to be found in collective organization. If we turn to the most primitive peoples we obtain by contrast a surer sense of what it means. It is universally true of primitive society that individuality is weak and the collective control is strong. We may quote as one of innumerable proofs the following words of Seligmann concerning certain Melanesians:

The sense of responsibility and of effort is communal and not individual. . . . The Koita system of morals does not teach or express individual effort or individual salvation, but on the contrary teaches the due subordination of the individual and his efforts in the sum of the tribal activities, which, broadly speaking, allow no room for individual initiative.

Why does this fact characterize the lowest levels of civilization? Not because under this condition solidarity is ineffective. It is on the contrary most effective. Not because the morals thus inculcated are low in the scale. They may be relatively high. The authors of the second work before us, *The Northern D'Entrecasteaux*, take leave of their subject with these words,

it is to be hoped that they will long preserve the virtues which their obscurity has hitherto kept intact, and that the misery and suffering which our 'civilization' has so often produced in other places, may long remain far distant from their shores.

And this is written of peoples whom we rightly classify as cannibals! Nothing could be more significant of the true character of progress. For if we

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have to sum up in a phrase the final distinction between these and the most advanced peoples we shall have to conclude that it lies in the capacity of adjustment, of meeting situations as they arise by intelligent and purposeful adaptation, springing from what is in the last resort an intenser vitality, no doubt revealed in, but not primarily dependent upon, the form of organization or the extent of resources.

These last remarks indicate one of the services which a scientific survey of the most primitive peoples can render. The work of Jenness and Ballantyne is a welcome addition to the list of studies of the peoples of New Guinea and the neighbouring islands. The labours of Codrington and of Seligmann have opened to us the inner lives of these peoples so that we understand them better than any primitive races were ever understood before. The work before us is by no means on the same scale, but it is a devoted and successful effort to widen the area which anthropology has marked for its own.

R. M. MACIVER.

Historical

A History of Ireland from the Earliest Times to the Present Day, by Robert Dunlop, M.A., Lecturer in Irish History in the University of Manchester (Oxford University Press; pp. 224, \$2.50).

For a long time the tide seemed to go out in Irish history, and it is only within recent years that a group of historians has arisen who attempt to lift the intricate problems and passion-tossed events out of the realms of all kinds of controversy into the quieter world of scientific observation. Mr. Dunlop belongs to the school distinguished by the names of Mr. G. H. Orpen, Mr. R. Murray, Mr. G. O'Brien, Mr. G. A. Moonan and Miss M. Hayden. He is already well known as a historian whose promise in the *Cambridge Modern History* and in his *Life of O'Connell* reached brilliant fruition in his *Ireland under the Commonwealth*. He has also the distinction of being, I think, the only special lecturer on Irish history outside Ireland itself. He has thus the necessary qualifications of fulfilling the condition that only a thorough expert can write shortly and at the same time validly and with interest on a large and difficult subject.

Were it not for these facts the superficial critic and reader might be inclined to dismiss Mr. Dunlop's new book as a *tour de force*—and to have crushed Ireland's story from the earliest times down to 1921 into a little more than two hundred pages certainly gives that first impression. Nothing, however, could be further from the truth. On every page there is evidence that the writing does not 'smell of the lamp'. The history moves forward in ever-developing confidence, and the reader feels that Mr. Dunlop has not only a thorough mastery of his material but

that the chapters take form with automatic security, as it were, and have not been 'made up' for the occasion. When the book is finished there is left the clear impression that here is God's plenty from the tree of knowledge. For in six short chapters there is provided an adequate survey of Celtic Ireland, of the Anglo-Irish colony, of the Conquest and Plantation, of the Rebellion and Settlement of the Protestant Ascendancy, and of the struggle for National Independence.

A comparison with the *Short History of the Irish People* by Miss Haydon and Mr. Moonan which has just appeared comes almost naturally to the critic. Mr. Dunlop's work is undoubtedly the better for several reasons. He has not overloaded his pages with details. He has omitted many important things simply because space would permit a mere sentence or two which could only halt the story without adding to the interpretation. Mr. Dunlop has kept to the broad highway which was to lead to the Irish Free State. The *Short History of the Irish People* is without doubt a remarkable book; but it is more remarkable for its atmosphere than for its historical method. The pages are crowded and the style is consequently cramped. We feel, too, that the authors in rightly attempting to write a study 'as one of *dynamics* and not of *statics*', have spent a lot of energy in creating a big machine. There is undoubtedly movement, but it is ponderous and the reader gets tired of the journey. On the other hand, Mr. Dunlop's volume carries him along to the very end with interest. There is in it something of Mr. G. M. Trevelyan's latest skill. There is a quiet confidence which has not been assumed for the occasion, a cold objectivity which does not need the *apologia* of the preface, and a realization that the best service possible for Irish history at the moment is the diligence of the research worker and the aloofness of the scholar, which are here combined in such a way as to make Mr. Dunlop's volume the best available introduction to a very complicated history.

Happy India, As it might be if guided by modern science, by Arnold Lupton (Allen & Unwin; pp. 188, 6/-).

Simplicity is always in some degree a virtue, and the chief impression this book produces is derived from its simplicity. The author tells us that twenty years ago he read a book entitled *Prosperous British India*. From this book he learned that 'there are not less than fifty millions of our fellow-subjects in India who never eat from beginning to end of the year one good and sufficient meal'. No fact is more calculated to impress the British mind than this: the square meal is not only a thing of beauty in itself but also the really nutritive part of the western creed. Mr. Lupton was duly impressed and consequently devoted four months to the congenial task of seeing

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India. The time seems a little brief for the undertaking, but we are assured that 'in dealing with the great problems of the government of a country it is not so much what a man knows but what opportunities he has for making use of his knowledge'. We quote this sentence as a fair specimen of the author's literary style and indefinite sentiments. About the great problems as a whole Mr. Lupton appears to have little knowledge and less concern. 'If I were Governor-General of India', he says, 'I should not bother about Tibet or the Pamirs'—or any other such thing. This is probably true, however unlikely it may be that Mr. Lupton will be called to that high office: but it does not materially help us to solve the major problems.

Thus far the simplicity is almost overwhelming. But different persons have different gifts, and it is a pleasure to acknowledge that Mr. Lupton has made a suggestive study of some practical problems. Among these the most important are the questions of food production, improvement of soil and of agricultural methods, afforestation, and the reduction of diseases. There is no doubt that science could do much to improve the conditions of life in India, and the country deserves to reap all the benefits that are to be derived from the progress of knowledge. So far as the practical suggestions go we may endorse all that Mr. Lupton says, but we must also express the opinion that his notion of happiness is curiously limited and would hardly be recognized by the native of India as true or complete. Mr. Lupton views with a critical eye the good cowdung plastered on the native's hut and deplores the waste of valuable manure: he suggests that this is all the fault of the Government and seems to have no idea that this custom is a symbol of many things, such as traditional beliefs and religious customs, which influence life in India more than principles of chemistry or even laws of progress. Mr. Lupton has begun well, but he has begun at the end and we need to remember that the teeming millions whose numbers have so impressed him still stand in their own light: great mental and moral changes are to be worked out in India, and time will achieve them: the secret of a happy India lies there, for when the spirit is set free, all these things will be added.

Greek Biology and Greek Medicine, by Charles Singer (Clarendon Press, Oxford; 75c.).

Among new movements in the academic world to-day must be reckoned the union of history and science. In its usual sense history means the history of political events. This view naturally predominated when kings and queens were the most important objects of contemplation, with lords and ladies as a suitable background and the great unwashed filling the outer darkness. But in more recent times there has been a kind of industrial revolution among

historians: society as a whole has taken the central place and new values have intruded, turning the interest of historians to mass movements or even to such special forms of it as the life of the middle classes or the labourers. During this month the American Association for the Advancement of Science is constituting a special branch for the History of Science. This is the culmination of years of work in which foundations have been laid by such men as George Sarton and Charles Singer. Two stately volumes entitled *Studies in the History and Method of Science* have already been edited by Dr. Singer and contain the work of many leading scientists. The ideal which guides these men is a belief in the necessity of reuniting science and the humanities, making the history of ideas more complete by reference to science and the value of science more profound by linking it with the whole evolution of mind.

The little book noticed here is concerned mainly with Aristotle as a biologist, then with Aristotle's successors from Theophrastus to Galen, and finally with medicine from Hippocrates to the Alexandrian and Roman Schools. It is a wonderful story with a twofold appeal. To the man of science it appeals as a revelation of youthful endeavour, often crude and often mistaken, yet truly vital and in its actual achievement only to be despised by those who have never learned the 'subtlety of nature'. Singer quotes from Darwin the saying, 'Linnaeus and Cuvier have been my two gods . . . but they were mere school-boys to old Aristotle'. To the philologist and philosophic historian this record appeals as a revelation of the continuity of human endeavour, always toiling to solve the complex riddle of existence, partly conscious of growing power and partly limited by unsuspected prejudice.

We cannot enter here into the detail. There are many interesting passages about such things as Aristotle's observations on the growth of the chick in the egg; elaborate descriptions of plants and animals, the clinical method of Hippocrates; the discovery of the nerves so long confused with other structures under the general term *neura*, and that wonderful hypothesis of 'vital spirits' which explained other things for long ages until it finally explained itself away. We can only say that it is a good thing to have so much valuable matter given us in a convenient form and hope that more 'chapters in the History of Science' will soon be available.

Ancient Greece, A Study, by Stanley Casson (Clarendon Press, Oxford; 75c.).

This is a stimulating essay of seventy-nine pages on a theme of perennial interest. Clearly and ably written, it suffers very rarely from the extreme compression that its size suggests and has none of the ear-marks of the text-book. Without any

compositeness of style it makes of the story of Hellenic progress, greatness, and decline a moving and, in its sombre close, almost too stern a tragedy. There is a genuine freshness in the treatment, that results from personal understanding of the well-known material and a judicious use of the newest discoveries, and with this freshness a balance and sanity which give the little book an importance far beyond its bulk. It is well illustrated and has a useful short bibliography.

Fiction

Balloons, by Elizabeth Bibesco (Doran; \$2.00).

Balloons is a fairly apposite title for this collection of short stories which are variegated, elusive, irrationally attractive, of little substance and less staying power. Few things are so fleetingly alluring as balloons and so satiating in the long run; only two of the stories have any lasting charm. In the one that gives the title to the volume the author has caught precisely the mood of a person temporarily ravished by the thought of balloons, obsessed by the passion to possess one—a mood experienced secretly by many who hesitate either to gratify or confess it. All who have felt it will sympathize in the search for a balloon and will recognize the dramatic fitness of the outcome which is the discovery that '*Les ballons, ça ne se vend pas, ça se donne*', and equally fitting, that the hour of giving is past. Munificent, evasive, and incalculable balloons, how symbolical they are of human hopes and fears! The other charming story, a very delicate and tender interpretation of the temperaments and personalities of two Dalmatians, reproduces to perfection the kind of relationship and degree of intimacy possible between dogs and humans.

But were it not for these two exceptions the collection might suitably have been called 'Bricks without Straw'; for the maximum of effect has been attained with the minimum of raw material in the way either of original theme or incidental wit, wisdom, or humour. The surprising thing is that despite their thinness the stories do hold your interest adequately. The truth is that they have the same qualities which secure spectators for gymnastic performances, or any other exhibition of skill, when agility, precision, ingenuity, or what might be called in general 'sleight of body', are the attraction. Princess Bibesco has undoubtedly 'sleight of tongue'—or 'sleight of pen', whichever you call it—and the present stories represent for the most part routine exercises to keep the tongue in form. It is, perhaps, an achievement that they do at the same time interest bystanders, even if only moderately.

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Wholesale Prices (Michell)	170.2	171.9	176.3	179.2	158.2
Family Budget..... (Labour Gazette)	\$21.18	\$21.23	\$21.39	\$20.66
Volume of Employment..... (Dominion Statistician)	86.3	89.5	89.9	82.8
Twelve Canadian Securities..... (Michell)	117.5	119.2	121.7	122.2	112.0

BUSINESS in the United States is well on its way towards a new trade boom. The most recent bulletin of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York gives a striking summary of what has occurred, which deserves at least partial quotation:

Production, measured by the index of output in 22 basic industries, has increased since July, 1921.....54%

Employment, measured by the number of workers employed in New York State factories, has increased since July, 1921.....23%

Wholesale Trade in this district, measured by the sales reported by representative dealers in 10 lines (with allowance made for seasonal changes), has increased since July, 1921.....31%

Bank Transactions in 140 centres outside New York City, measured by debits to individual accounts (with allowance made for seasonal changes), have increased since July, 1921.....32%

A direct comparison with recent Canadian development cannot at present be made under all of these four headings. It is noteworthy, however, that if the report on the volume of employment, compiled from reports of employers in 1921, be compared with the most recent similar statement, the growth of employment in Canadian factories has been only $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., less than one-third as rapid as that recorded by the Federal Reserve bulletin. On the other hand, if the comparison be made, not with July, 1921, but as between the present and December, 1921, the growth of employment in Canadian factories appears to have been rather more than 28 per cent., a very reassuring figure. The depression lasted longer here than in the United States. There were several months during which an industrial revival south of the border contrasted with the continued industrial stagnation of Canada, very much to the disadvantage of this country. This was the period in which the steady emigration of artisans from Canada began once more to cause serious apprehension. During recent months it seems that recovery has been no less rapid here than in the United States; but this emigration persists.

Oppressed by their memories of the crash which occurred in 1920, business men all over the continent are asking at the moment: Is not this sudden reversal of fortune too good to be lasting? What are the dangers lurking behind an appearance of renewed

prosperity? Will not a return to the feverish activities of 1919 bring with it Nemesis? Is there a danger of renewed inflation? Can industry sustain another shock like that of two years ago?

For the men in control of a number of Canadian industries (notably those engaged in the building and printing trades) this problem is further complicated by the suspicion that a shortage of skilled workers is imminent, which will hamper them severely. A series of drastic wage revisions is scarcely completed, and already there is talk of wage increases to prevent more emigration. Not unnaturally, the demand for more immigrants to take the vacant places left by those who have gone to the United States is daily becoming more insistent.

The problem of immigration is discussed elsewhere in this issue. The threatened shortage of skilled labour is only one of its phases; nor is it necessarily the dominant consideration. Closely connected with it is the whole problem of trade and technical education in this country—the question whether we can afford any longer to depend on imported skill, as well as on imported capital, to develop our native resources. But these problems of policy lie beyond the scope of TRADE AND INDUSTRY.

The more general question, whether we are faced with the danger of renewed inflation, demands a more extended treatment than is possible in these restricted limits of space. It is being asked at present by an enormous number of people who have only the haziest of ideas as to what they mean by inflation. No word in the language has been overworked more cruelly since 1919; and the beginning of economic wisdom, at the present juncture, consists in the simple task of endowing it a precise and definite meaning. Nothing is more remarkable than the readiness of many business men, who would not think for a moment of buying a car worth a few thousand dollars without giving it the most careful examination, to reject or accept, after the most casual scrutiny, an idea whose cash value, translated into terms of profit and loss, may mean more than a score of automobiles.

Whether we like it or not, this problem of inflation, like Mrs. Micawber, will not be abandoned: and (to pursue the parallel) the men who must live with it are commonly in debt. We shall pursue the relationship in later issues.

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